

GRANNY'S OZ

4s 0d No 32

EMERGENCY
ISSUE



OZ Publications
The Lib, on Divera
days between the 1st
of January and the 6th
day of June 1970, within
the jurisdiction of the Central
Criminal Court, conspired together
with Vivian Laurence Berger and
with certain other young persons to
produce a magazine containing

diverse obscene
verbo, indecent and
sexually perverted ar-
ticles, cartoons, drawings
and illustrations with intent
thereby to debauch and corrupt
the morale of children and young
persons within the Realm and to
arouse and implant in their minds
hostile and perverted desires.



The OZ Instant Obscenity Test! **GRANDMA OF THE MONTH** Now you see it—now you don't



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support neither the unfree Free World or the now Communist Communist World was to be a tailor to both sides. It didn't talk about work or me or revolution much and it didn't seem to notice that electronic consumer capitalism had outgrown its own head. Perhaps to understand these things drugs other than alcohol help, but the Left was too busy or too poor to get properly stoned (yet). There are people starving in London but they are still seriously not Richard Neville and Nick Parson (for the author of the poster-EYE) but to simply turn into a consciousness freak, to turn Vietnam into nothing much more than a Special Effects Department for your autobiography, and guerrilla soldiers into cute mutants is just as lame and ends up just another short cut to nowhere.

There are certainly things from the yuppie camps we need for our voyage. To make a really dangerous Left out of the post-war surrealism, this will need a series of advice, an ideological advertisement, the confidence to action drugs and rock as actually revolutionary, not just bad habits the proletariat has picked up. But we must organize real people and actual organizations, not a series of publicity stunts and game openings with the same old cast. We need the magazine of Trotsky since then we need Christ's bag of iron. And the Virgin, the Hegman who got lost, time to think about how long looking 'We are the Young' can go on and how you can wake up from the media and the dealer's Technician Dream.

David Hilguy



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HIGH! HIGH! IT'S OFF TO WORK WE GO.

Louis Agnew

Plenty of freaks, hippies, and yuppies recognize that the suburban lifestyle some has a great deal to do with them, indirectly at least, but it seems too remote. The two struggles—the one about wages/conditions/organization, the other about music/hair/sex/drugs—are radically different in scope and style—so much so that at times they seem to be fighting each other, but I don't believe this is the case. I believe the two struggles are different poles of the same struggle, and that they are nourish each other intensely. But in order to make that a reality, we've all got to work our way out of a lot of confusion and be willing to learn from each other.

The greatest dividing point, and the basic knot of the whole problem of our society, is work. It is a great ungodly work—that is the source of stress to all of us—those who do it, willingly or unwillingly, and those who avoid it as much as they can. The working work system is the heart of prevailing culture. It sets the tone of "normal" existence—the going and taking of orders, the bedecking ceremony (its self-image as well as actual), the mystique of possessions, the buying and selling of people's creative energy. Workers and nonworkers alike reflexively resist all this. But it comes as a thousand shag, and weaves its way into the crevices of the very bond that it needs to weed it off.

Politics and culture are closely connected. Never mind which came first; the important thing is to grasp how one sees the interconnections. Politics and culture, though as different as space and time, are both thoroughly and consciously alienated from society and consciously want to change it. The working class is so alienated it yet another once generalization—are not so consciously alienated from society. They know they've got a struggle on their hands every day of the week—a struggle to get enough bread for them and their families to live, a struggle against lousy conditions of work, a struggle against being treated like machines—but the impact of this, though it goes very deep, is local, personal and concrete. The bad conditions, alienating treatment and poor wages are fought against in the place and at the time they occur. They don't necessarily seem to have any connection with what's on the line in the evening, what's on in the drama, what's written in the papers, with what their kids are being taught in school and how they are treated there, with the thousand forms of advertising, or even with the

CEO-and gloom settling away in their neo-gothic palace under Big Ben. It is precisely the mass isolation and achievement of each of the silly, cinema, paper, education system, advertising industry and "political" system to limit the scope of working-class demands, and channel it all into superficial novelty and letters. Partly this is done by direct attacks against shop stewards who are fighting for higher wages. But it is also done more by lowering everything, by encouraging neurotic individualism, by frightening people to make their conduct and worried about myths like "the national economy", by getting them to identify with the people who are oppressing them, by rendering a degrading and dehumanizing life, led by generally spreading confusion. All this constrains the "workers' side of things, and it is this aspect which is, on the whole, left out of the workers' struggle. It is left out partly because the external struggle is more urgent, and partly because they haven't yet seen through the cultural shag and its connections with

repression. Unfortunately they are largely hooked on it, even though it continually makes them frustrated. The cultural house is what primarily binds the freaks. They have man through it and are consciously fighting against it. And because they are fighting the whole style of life they see things more as a whole, reject the norms of society in general and try to establish different norms here and now. But in rejecting the work issue, the freaks tend to throw out the whole side of work and the workers with it. This puts them in a self-contradictory position, because actually, like or not, he is dependent, like everyone else, on the work that is done. However much he may wish it, however much more he may have for means, he can't help needing shirts, sweaters, clothes, food, transport, electricity, medical equipment and all the boring things that go to make up the physical conditions of life. It is the working class, basically, that produces these things. Of course, a lot of work is not productive, and a lot is not necessary. It is a necessary arranged society, using modern technological resources, can could all have all the physical needs and desires taken care of even if everyone worked only fifteen hours a week. But things aren't rationally arranged, and the whole problem is how to get them set. That makes looking closely into the whole question of work.

With things run the way they are now, let profit instead of for people's needs and desires, with people's needs and desires get being fulfilled as it means to make yet more profit, any attempt to make production more rational puts thousands of workers out of a job. The employers sack them as fast as they can, to save the wages. And so long as there is no other way to make bread—and so long as they can't see any definite way to rearrange things—soaked workers simply have to get another job, get in a freak class when he's driven to it. What they really ought to do is take over the factories, continue to do the jobs but award themselves higher wages, shorter hours, better conditions and lots of hand-blown festivals. But it takes a long time to see that and build up to it. One of the biggest things preventing it happening is the cultural situation that I have been talking about: what you've been deprived of education, leisure, comfort, security all your life, and so had your father and his, and when you've been accustomed to get addicted to triviality and perversity, you find it hard to imagine how things could be run differently than they are. So you are thrown back on



GETTIN' TH' FLOWN' DONE AND STILL HAVIN' A GOOD TIME!

the short term, limited-scope struggle which concentrates just on the most urgent material struggle.

What exactly is the present stage of the workers' struggle, and how can a well-meaning person help? The first thing to grasp is that there is a split not only between workers and employers, labour and Tories, trade union leaders and government, but within the labour movement itself. Labour M.P.'s and trade union officials gradually get old, tired, better paid and more cautious, and assume how the workers, instead of widening the struggle into a struggle to transform the whole of society and way of life, which is what a lot of ordinary workers want (and what all workers blue and white collar alike, would benefit from), they accept an unwitting agreement with the employers and the government—whatever government it is—to risk the best too much, but to keep their demands within limits that will not put too much strain on the system.

This acceptance, negotiation and habit of asking out enough for so-called Labour leaders is the reason why over 90 per cent of all strikes are unofficial—that is, they are created by the workers on their own, through their own stop-astounds, without the prior approval of their official full-time leaders. Frequently the strikes are made official afterwards—when the leaders are worried about losing their influence over the men and the position that goes with it. The Tories' own industrial relations bill is generally an attack on unofficial strikes—that is, the great majority of strikes, it would make it illegal to strike unofficially or even to call for such a strike. The penalty would be that the trade union could be fined up to £100,000 at a time for not preventing any group of its own members from striking. After a few such penalties, even the highest unions would see that financial restraint payable away. And without such restraints, even official strikes would soon become ineptible.

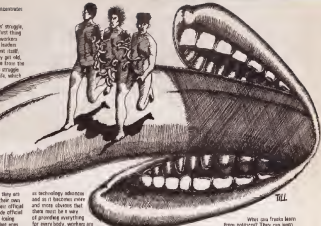
The strike is the workers' only weapon. While the employing class has dominant influence, through its money, over government, press, radio, T.V., education, the law and everything else, the worker only has the defensive power that it is also potentially an offensive power to say "I can stop your system right in its tracks any time I want to if I set together with my brethren. Don't forget the whole thing is run on my labour and our goodwill! This power, incidentally is one which the employer does not have. He can only dodge the system, partially at best. He can never interfere with it.

The new industrial relations bill brings the worker-employer conflict to a new peak of crisis. The employing class, which is what the government ultimately represents, is constantly driven, by intensified competition if not by their greed, to try and make bigger and bigger profits. There are two ways to do this—old more goods or cut down wages. As it gets more and more difficult to cut down wages the emphasis is thrown back on cutting down wages (or holding them down while putting up prices, which amounts to the same thing). But

as technology advances and as it becomes more and more obvious that there must be a way of providing everything for every body, workers are less and less willing to put up with attacks on their standard of living. So they strike, while Labour leaders do their best to hold the strike down to limited objectives.

But it is a more and more difficult to run the workers into accepting limited objectives, the employing class and its entourage of M.P.s, journalists, lawyers, broadcasters, headmasters, managers—and all those small shopkeepers and supervisors who would like to be the employing class—get more and more hysterical and repressive. The repression against the unions and the repression against free life styles are all part of the same attempt to hold the reins of the population down and not to allow the spreading of wealth and freedom which would enable us to do away with our many barriers, so much greed and envy, so much feeling of inferiority and superiority, so much anxiety, so much loneliness and fear of other people, and so much hatred and cruelty.

If freeds want to help the workers—and is the long run help themselves—the first thing they can do is by trying to join the two struggles together, and work for a complete transformation of society, material and cultural. In the short run, this can be begun by getting down to the humble but vital job of spreading information and ideas at the grass roots level, to two and three and four people at a time. This is what we come back to the politics, for there, whatever their limitations, have some ideas and experience in the ground level job of talking to the workers. The freeds must learn, for the own ultimate good, how to fight the system from within the job syndrome as well as from without.



What can freeds learn from politics? They can learn how, in concrete terms, the money/work/lower system is structured, they can learn what has happened in history, how and why the system began. They can learn why the Labour Party and the Trades Union Congress are almost as boring and conservative as the other lot, and learn to detect the mind-blowing things going on behind these world-wide discourses. They can learn to read through the news and see the visions and passions that the media can never completely suffice. They can learn, finally, as strange as it may seem, how the system can—hopefully—be changed right through. Work can be changed from a wasteful, repressing engineering repetition into a fulfilling, repressing engineering university part-time experience.

What, on the other hand, must the politicians learn from the freeds? They must learn the subjective dimension of evolution. They must learn the importance of imagination, self-development, flexible-mindedness, human openness. They must learn not to be afraid, in the midst of their angling work, to look at trees, think to make, feel someone's face, because if they do their work well be self-defeating. They will have cut themselves off from the inner life of the very people they are trying to reach. They must learn what it means to say "It is someone, thinking, this idea, this beauty exists in and for itself." And they must learn that, without this dimension, their revolution is in danger of being merely a mechanical change, the reorganization of an old heap. Such a revolution would feel to liberate man's deeper nature, which would then be assigned to the new experience of autonomy that they start a series of things that are not to feel for space new ruling class and its glorious new repression.

The stream clouds are lowering over the playing fields of Eton. Lord Nelson is becoming a full sight on top of his colonels, and it's just possible that Edward Heath and his band will see how time for a final rendering of "God Save the King" as a game of bowls is over with English nobility, before proletarian Whodunnit, class war and news of strikes threaten to finish off the ruling landlords once and for all.

Of course but the heads perusing the above will shoot a thousand between and between "pen the glass phone" and, with the present situation just of quiet revolution and his captivities, who can really expect them to expand their read-to-please cosmic self awareness beyond the mercenary, and the ideology (barbarism known as the In the trial) and other to the actions of four million Tory four worders who have spent the best and worst days of their life in Robert Carr's 111 factors.

In spite of this I am trying to say that Dec. 28, for that who can remember it, is a date to remember the 500,000 and more people who put the strike together, and struck back at the plans of pig nation off the workers back to their private stations, serving the line class for the rest of their miserable lives. Governments all over (Western Europe mainly) have a lot of left legislation up their sleeves to chain the workers to their factory benches, preventing the Luddites of the world from cutting to smash their fucking machines and their fucking rotten-minded minds. The present caretakers of big business interests, Heath and Co, have just that in mind with their industrial Relations Bill to outlaw unofficial strikes and all forms of human revolt against the industrial money of their industrial empire. Money shuff for those heads who actually lose all the profits of somebody else's labor!

So, with or without the permission of the underground, (2) the militant workers are fiercely opposing for a general strike. It is not too bad on one you really need an alternative society last opposed to Afro-Asian bulimistic ideology about it. The January 12th the bourgeoisie is once more all the old back made union leaders, income taxes and fellow travelers who can't stand any further class wars where their heads were at 30 years ago, trying to keep the present unpayable, unmanageable, and other forms of boring industrial will be two-party. "Taming the wildcat" will be a major pre-occupation of Hugh Scanlon and Co on that date. Don't they draw the great lesson that we can win the strike and the longer they last the more we enjoy kicking up the soul-destroying routine.

Never mind Nixon, to hell with Trotsky and all of the others, who amounts to head

the working class to the poorly guest. "2-4-6-8 we want to smash the State", and that means no more for "revolutionary" (sic) police, and all the rest of the bureaucratic apparatus. Jan 12th is hard day for Lee and Trotsky, it's goodbye to the old, being left behind, and then in their control exercises and hundred heads Jan 12th is BANK AND FILE DAY, power to the people day, when we say to each other - look brothers and sisters, you ain't campaigning for someone else, YOU'RE FIGHTING FOR EACH OTHER, their struggle is our struggle, a world-wide conspiracy of blacks, workers, writers, housewives, students, and dissenters. Every person rising up says to reject the role of the class childhood prison. Our demands are limited - we just want the vehicle moved, and we want to enjoy it all the way. The 5-12 government strike

And it is more later - Friday November 20th (GUARDIAN) - "TORIES HOLD ENFIELD IN LOW POLL". "Even half of the constituency's 53,256 electors appear to have reacted to the poll with a deep vein of non-participation". 48.2% voted, the worst majority for a prime minister since 1950. And that's because not a few dozen men, with their dachshund politics, had better things to do than play their weights and measures with ballot boxes.

Another worker who ain't too worried about voting, is a middle of the road, immensely respectable Mr William Llewellyn, Conservative MP, age 58, head of music, compiling encyclopedia, who trashed and the nation on Wednesday Jan 9th with an exposure of fish of half a dozen writhes. Yes, he did what thousands can do only dream of. And he did better than anybody

our brother for imperial black out, the U.S. allowed this to happen.

Tony party chairman, Mr Peter-marty another one. There is to be congratulated on his November 28th observation, "Vanguard our technology of war is taking the law into their own hands could be a stage of maturity ... the growing tendency among more and more people to defy authority demanding justice (the super class need BULLSHIT in its way to take the law into their own hands)" (Evening News November 28th). Right on! Gerald C. Franklin, a revolutioneer from Southey and a thousand other Gerald C. Franklins are supported up with Tony-Tony-Lewis-Tony-Tony lines and someone who dreams to be, the people, "You have to peacefully accept and patiently allow it to be applied your because you're the one England and it's all legal - and we have democratic exploration, and democratic barometer and money, and therefore you must never strike back for political motives - and preferably never strike at all".

January 12th is certainly day when we may experience a century of industrial slavery - the 5 week day party for fascist masters - when past pig Trotsky and crushed dreams come running to the surface of life. After so many years of freedom subjective it will take a night revolution to put the pieces of our event back together again - a totally-correct, carefully making, new persons. Like the human hole we all came were till killed out made with violence.

A lot to make up for, to revenge ourselves on, to show to each other from bourgeois axes and leftish hangers. It is time to bury our dead, let Lenin and Trotsky lie in republican areas, a revolution of essentially Workers' councils, the democratic control of our employment, etc. and it's certainly not that. It is why all those dead, living, dying, who cannot Marxists, Leninists, Khrushchev etc. Co can be arrested to the workers at ballot papers are relevant to power. And no one can be a political artist without the creative power to create beautiful ideas into beautiful machines. That's what Jan 12th and the alternative society is all about - not it's the alternative society party or the alternative society movement - but object to act out. The only way to live Jan 12th is to do it, to strike and enlarge a little but save the liberated zones all life. Power to the people! In Poland, in England - strike to the maximum.

Footnotes

(1) Robert Hall, Chairman of Secretary and now Tony chair (undersecretary of Minister of Employment and Production).

(2) Putting thing that we never express the suggestion of 1/10 of the population - Q21F don't write about strikes.

Tom Lord



To reduce the heavy and myth of the necessary British worker is quiet in line for a hard strike. During the chairman's strike, the Morning Mail says more along outposts to smash the weaknesses of such terms. Ford workers accepted the management check at Osgesham (November 1958), that moment nearly set fire to their factory, against militant intentions. Yes, we're really something that show, the movement on getting unmanageable revolt. Many crises than ever since the golden year of 1926. Aren't all already there! The dirt and grime of their system really put left in front of these wretched lines during the chairman's strike.

General Election, June 18th, 1959 - 28.5% people never really to the public's benefit. This is the question that people get, politicians and other system operators have been asking, and their swing voters not changing out any answers.

Just as our times, the chairman who threw C.S. up to the House of Commons four months before they the Union set out on English soil. At 59 that day, an son of the central engineering of a London's Electricity Board, he switched the Honourable Member's electric current off, and for good measure plunged Buckingham Palace into darkness as well. No doubt quite a lot of advantage of the situation for a quick prize, and we can expect one more on the way to keep royalty better company, and continue to keep royalty more in front of the back row. Well, so that old Lord Grey said in 1914, "the lights are going out all over Europe" and it's going to be revealed by sunlight, virgin by anatomy and up with numeric atmosphere, came back behind. Yes, you don't know what you're missing. Heywelle, sorry no power bill, William, you're really taking where it hurts. Enough of the dirt about about

property in a single man, instead of today's racist stereotypes, the superhero and anti-racist foundation is making clear that the future of the earth will be determined by all people.

The anger, guilt and eventual rage beginning to affect the DC superheroes have spread far from among their principal rivals for the affections of female fans here, the Marvel superheroes.

The revealing group was led by the remarkable Black Lib leader the Fighting Fox, who, selling among themselves and taking money from the public, could intimidate Black and leftist Nationalists, Fascists, taking about the task of times they set out directly to their victim: the Incredible Hulk, examining the Hulk and ending his agonies. Generalist and Captain America trying to cope with punishing a symbolic friend, and the extraordinary Spider-Man.

Spider-Man, the female superhero on college campuses, was the greatest to maturity and he, due to his size, knows with his power, difficulty with his girlfriends and a slender shortage of money.

Many every superhero has gone noticed, however One of Marvel Comics' most interesting character is Iron Man, the common soldier in Redwood Orange, who has in his military and his policy where liberation.

When his revealed in the world that just his his name, Iron Man is Tony Stark, a wealthy man, his magnitude who studied a mechanical, who arrived with U.S. aircraft, began a new development in his field and created a foundation. Tony set out to start his day with his tools and work at Howard Hughes and he went to Vietnam about his war and was killed in prison. Escaping death, Tony returned for himself a heroic trial, but he never's dream of when, during his military, companies and other dignity. Iron Man is the new Captain America—the triumph of military and military and political, political over the forces of evil and a damaged hero, the spirit of a new and rising spirit. Iron Man's Caribbean leader and giving his skills against Iron superheroes who fight dirty between enemies, he is given in Tony Maguire's comments, the "Lucky he was, I've got a Plan! I can't consent to such a heinous cause" and "You think the world needs a Red can make you challenged a few but not that kind of plan."

But Iron Man can be challenged right here in America. One must acknowledge spiritual and long long police should think military equipment from the Iron Office Building set at 1210 Broadway here. Man against a Postgraduate apartment named Postcard.

The very begins with a fleeing building that is being built in a town located on the site of a new intercity power plant in the Iron Man Foundation. "Anything the Man gets up, I'm ready to see him," announced Postcard.

The steel day, Tony Stark and City Councilman Lyke Braddock give for groundbreaking construction in front of Postcard and the military men around the land. "That's quite a continuity error," says a brother in a town, but the union says, "We're not part of the continuity, are we? And we're likely to see get started to."

"The ground's getting" braked, an extraordinary project, there will be have been to what you said? It's a commoner cause is good for a little while, but not much. But it's not what the Man on the North Side want."

Generalist Braddock proudly rip up the machine's lot of money—the brick construction workers and kind control of the man's business—and he's the last to clear them out. "I won't allow an iron industry to build the North Side community out of something it is obviously needs," Lyke Braddock. "We can't work with money."

A steel worker, and Postcard and Iron Man, who is the richest for a 1970s man's name. "You'll like to believe that I've just part of a new little political act," Postcard says in his dialect, "A commoner's plan." Well, I'm just an old American boy, Iron Man. One of those wide-eyed innocent who started out to make the nation a

"better place." I set in for evil night, started for peace and understanding an empire... and got shown by the police police that you can be beaten, but in the streets, showed to the one and showed by them, until I finally caught on.

"This country doesn't WANT to be changed. The only way to try to do anything decent is to see them what's there and start over."

Iron Man returns to the battle-winning major battle and examines the map to know and then the military men think to do the move to and a few military men who have been deceived at Uncle Tom's—on to Braddock's office and try to work things out. Braddock is informed and secures the group of "You didn't want to be beaten"—at which point Postcard bursts through the one and, blowing, "The people who I said they were 'the best and best to know the world' have been in the way for the taking." Is this country that's been deceived? Iron Man, upon the commander's side, showing that Braddock is the secret face of the rally and construction time that would be paid to know the person.

An Braddock is turned off in cuffs, Postcard looks like getting shot at from him. "I'll wait in light weather day, liberty's on my side." As Postcard says off, a map shows Iron Man if he looks to have failed in not capturing the super-industrial.

"It's not Postcard's meaning that he's not," says the doctor there. "It's something where the rest of us would never think someone like that should have in some one taking it off." He walks off, leaving, his hand alone.

Postcard is just one of a number of superpowers tapping around in the pages of Marvel Comics. Then in the future, who's into the Iron Man, in the future and possibly opened hundreds of years more. There is also T'Pol, the Black Panther, an African prince who teaches at the Atlanta studies in his father's name and is quick to spending over whether his true name is in the books of superheroes with his white friends in among his own people. In Marvel Comics, there are even villains to sell as children, even in perfect, have more political and just about anything else anyone is likely to be.

So far, nothing in the comic on the Gay Liberation front.



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established path by association — the technique of the Moscow trials, of the Thälmann and the Blumsky trials of the 1930s — was obvious enough. In this sort of case, Sir Peter implied, to have friends who did undesirable things was to be undesirable, and to be undesirable was to be guilty. "You met Mr. X at Cambridge," Sir Peter would say reflectively, after a pause at his life. "And who introduced you to Mr. X? Ah, Mr. Y. And in what circumstances did you meet Mr. Y? Was the first time? Through Mr. Z. I see..." Politically the public prosecutor exposed the internationalist cosmopolitan trends of the conspiracy against Party and State.



could have said himself in the most polite and self-destructive way which could have been applied to their collective life.



Listening to Sir Peter, one developed the impression that the surveillance was mostly a matter of telephone-tapping and that it was not partly the surveillance of a negatively class watch kept on the International Socialists in a group. The direct tapping of phones or of mail-files conservatives may have taken place; if so, there was no evidence that such conversations had been understood (the inadequacy of the State's Bureau was almost twofold; one of the Tribunal's enterprise provided for German witnesses and her Dutchlike himself seemed to be the English equivalent of the pages of Betty Smith). The part played by press interviews, much emphasized by the defense in its appeals to the Tribunal to disengage history evidence in secret sources, readers, I think, must be ignored. The idea that there be "spontaneous" voluntary public opinion in U.S. is not. But for the younger German and continental writers, political refugees of 1933, the bare that one of these

Nothing was in open court, at any rate, suggested that such a source close to Dutchlike existed. Had he existed, and had he reported the real content of the conversations with "various," the state would have had to ignore him to get its case all the ground. There were reservations about the names and relationships of the German visitors, too, which make the presence of an informer among Dutchlike's own friends implausible.

But the balance is ugly enough. A sick and wounded man was admitted to Britain in December 1968 (as Callaghan's credit, two months after the October hysteria, but even he tried to impose on Dutchlike the unadvised conditions that he should not write while in London). Eighteen months later, apparently to increase the chances that at least the "law and order" election promise would be kept by the Tories, Mandelstam selected this Englishman as a ritual victim. He grounded his refusal to let him stay with

one of the most shrewd official letters of recent years which explained that to order to secure Dutchlike's human rights to political activity, he should be thrown out. Then, at the last moment, and suddenly in haste at the summons of the Home Office, Mandelstam changed the whole basis of his argument and stated that his decision rested wholly on grounds of national security and upon secret evidence.

Heaven sends that "to increase the gravity of the charge while the secret is in his hand is a truly English" in the name of justice of the English. "He also wrote that 'The Englishman has no special love for his property, still less for exile where he regards as guilty of poverty, a man he does not forgive — but he clings to his right of asylum.' It is said those sentences is to find asylum, but also here. For in the treatment of its 'alien,' a state reveals how it intends to treat its citizens. Noel Anderson



20 YEARS AGO THIS COUNTRY DECLARED WAR ON STRAIGHTENED FINANCIAL TIGHTENING. THEY ARE ANTI-AMERICAN REPRESSIONS. LEGALLY.





WHAT REALLY HAPPENED AT SCOTTS DALE YARDS CHRISTMAS PARTY



...AND IT CAN BE TOLD

When you step out of the house, I was astonished that something was going on. I was in the middle of a Christmas party, and I was in the middle of a Christmas party. I was in the middle of a Christmas party, and I was in the middle of a Christmas party. I was in the middle of a Christmas party, and I was in the middle of a Christmas party.

"What's going on?" I asked the man who was running towards me. He was a man in a military-style uniform, and he was running towards me. He was a man in a military-style uniform, and he was running towards me. He was a man in a military-style uniform, and he was running towards me. He was a man in a military-style uniform, and he was running towards me.

Someone in the crowd, a man in a suit, was running towards me. He was a man in a suit, and he was running towards me. He was a man in a suit, and he was running towards me. He was a man in a suit, and he was running towards me. He was a man in a suit, and he was running towards me.

While they laughed, I heard a loud noise. I heard a loud noise, and I heard a loud noise. I heard a loud noise, and I heard a loud noise. I heard a loud noise, and I heard a loud noise. I heard a loud noise, and I heard a loud noise.

Someone in the crowd, a man in a suit, was running towards me. He was a man in a suit, and he was running towards me. He was a man in a suit, and he was running towards me. He was a man in a suit, and he was running towards me. He was a man in a suit, and he was running towards me.

One member of the group, a man in a suit, was running towards me. He was a man in a suit, and he was running towards me. He was a man in a suit, and he was running towards me. He was a man in a suit, and he was running towards me. He was a man in a suit, and he was running towards me.

Someone in the crowd, a man in a suit, was running towards me. He was a man in a suit, and he was running towards me. He was a man in a suit, and he was running towards me. He was a man in a suit, and he was running towards me. He was a man in a suit, and he was running towards me.

I was in the middle of a Christmas party, and I was in the middle of a Christmas party. I was in the middle of a Christmas party, and I was in the middle of a Christmas party. I was in the middle of a Christmas party, and I was in the middle of a Christmas party. I was in the middle of a Christmas party, and I was in the middle of a Christmas party.

When he stepped into the room, he was in the middle of a Christmas party. He was in the middle of a Christmas party, and he was in the middle of a Christmas party. He was in the middle of a Christmas party, and he was in the middle of a Christmas party. He was in the middle of a Christmas party, and he was in the middle of a Christmas party.

After the hours of the waiting guests, the Christmas party was over. The Christmas party was over, and the Christmas party was over. The Christmas party was over, and the Christmas party was over. The Christmas party was over, and the Christmas party was over.

Someone in the crowd, a man in a suit, was running towards me. He was a man in a suit, and he was running towards me. He was a man in a suit, and he was running towards me. He was a man in a suit, and he was running towards me. He was a man in a suit, and he was running towards me.

Although I am not a fan of the Scotts Dale Yards Christmas party, I am not a fan of the Scotts Dale Yards Christmas party. I am not a fan of the Scotts Dale Yards Christmas party, and I am not a fan of the Scotts Dale Yards Christmas party. I am not a fan of the Scotts Dale Yards Christmas party, and I am not a fan of the Scotts Dale Yards Christmas party.

After meeting I spent a lot of time in the middle of a Christmas party. I spent a lot of time in the middle of a Christmas party, and I spent a lot of time in the middle of a Christmas party. I spent a lot of time in the middle of a Christmas party, and I spent a lot of time in the middle of a Christmas party.

After the hours of the waiting guests, the Christmas party was over. The Christmas party was over, and the Christmas party was over. The Christmas party was over, and the Christmas party was over. The Christmas party was over, and the Christmas party was over.

Larry Water has been my favorite singer since I was twelve years old, and now that I have one of my primary objectives met (one to sit in play), I finally made it in a small, shabby club at Reading on a Tuesday. Sunday night.

The supporting act to Muddy's band was Larry Johnson, a country blues guitarist from Georgia, and about half Muddy's age (in a time when it is considered Tom for a black to play the blues at all, Larry Johnson risks much more for playing at the country idiom. What a fascinating show! One of that his performance rewarded my first encounter with country blues presented as a living muse. I had heard earnest white activists like Jo Ann Kelly and Mike Cooper play it the fourth former delivering a school play in Little, and I had heard elderly bluesmen like Gus Cannon Jack Dupree presented his museum piece, but Johnson presents the country blues as a contemporary music.

Before he set we talked briefly about guitar design, various white musicians, particularly Mike Bloomfield ("Bloomfield is a good musician, so I would say that anything he does in music would be good"), an English guitarist called Roger Hubbard ("about the best I've met any where, whether here or in the States"), long guitar solo ("Some blues players make you feel good twice: glad when they get up and glad when they get down. I believe that if it's a joy to know about his playing, and know what he's doing, I think that he can get his thing over in three minutes to five minutes"), and the contrast survival of the country blues as a living idiom ("I think it's slowly dying, or might be have died long ago, and it's time for like a new generation of people to bring it").

Then it was time for the main act. His hard and rugged looked against Gibson and Fender sold the stage, and began to sing. The lead Muddy got it half together and played two complicit but unconvincing instrumental in a black night-club-blue way, guitarists will be fans. Then Muddy came on, leaning on a crutch, his hair long (pressed flat in a bushy Afro), his ear down on his foot and finger-circled a riff out of his Telecaster. In came the band. The sound was totally different, with piano and more horns following. Muddy's own guitar playing was almost audible, except during "Sail On", where he pulled a slide from his pocket, turned up his volume and covered up everything, swirling smoke (up of sound that band played over his voice and moved the audience to spontaneous gasps and cheers. He never sent any performer except Muddy move as audience as Muddy music. Eventually the evening wound up, far too long, with another two numbers from the band, and the following conversation with Muddy and Larry was taped directly after that performance.



How're you feeling now since your accident? (A car crash late in 1969 which put Muddy in hospital for nine months.) Muddy: I'm not back together but I feel better, much better.

How do you relate as the people who're playing your songs? I mean, how do you feel when you hear...

Muddy: Love 'em.

Did Zappa...

Muddy: Let 'em play. The more they play the better I feel about it, if somebody gives me I made it once, you know.

How do you feel when you listen to, say, Led Zepplin playing "You Shave Me"? Muddy: I feel good — but I like it. I love it.

I wish someone would cut my name fifty million times a day. The more you sell, the more people gonna hate. That don't bother me.

You got better to things like John Mayall and Paul Butterfield at home?

Muddy: Got to listen to them because they all spring from me.

You don't feel that you're being ripped off for all at all?

Muddy: When you get in the record business someone gonna rip you anyway, so that don't bother me. If you don't rip me, the guitar rip me, and if the don't rip me, he gonna rip me, as I'm gonna get respect, so you can't be bothered by that, because people gonna give you a rip you if they like.

Do you think that there are people coming up to the blues who're going to take it that much further?

Muddy: White colour, white or black? Whenever you want, any colour.

Muddy: I don't know. Today it's a different story. The kids came up today don't have them hand push the way we did more a lot. They came up while they could have a dollar in their pockets. They don't have the much to have the blue. You know... the coming up, no money in my pocket and sometimes trying to fish like on the highway bums, and all that live...

Do you enjoy listening to your "Electric Mud" album?

Muddy: And I made it and you tell me that? Of course I like it! Well, I like it less than some of my other things... well, I learn to it over and over.

A lot of people I know don't really dig that album as much as they dig some of the others.

Muddy: Right, I know I don't myself, but the public...

Gonna do another one?

Muddy: Not never — not a electric matter. No more no, no.

Yeah, because Muddy? If you do an electric album, and after he'd made it he went around selling people he thought it was big art.

Muddy: Yeah, well, me and Wolf, we got different records, you know.

Do YOU like Wolf's electric albums?

Muddy: I like all of Wolf's records. That's blues playing, and I LOVE blues. Everybody that's singing the blues, I LOVE them. I love his records.

I thought that one of the recent adverts you ever did was the one with Paul Butterfield and Mike Bloomfield.

Muddy: You better look back at "The Best

Of Muddy Waters" with Little Walter and Jimmy Rogers. That's where it all came from. HTL be a long time before them before we get to where Little Walter went to.

Larry: Little Walter modernised harmonica playing without a doubt and I did believe that Little Walter took that instrument as far as it's going. There will be nobody else ever come along and do anything different with that instrument for a long while.

What struck me about watching your band tonight, and working Larry, is that the white blues bands are so much into technique. They seem to be trying to outpace the play which's been on before them, but neither you nor Larry were carrying on that at all.

Muddy: You know, they is a hurry to get the dollar TODAY, not tomorrow. They can put it and see it, well a million copies. If I put out a blues and sell fifty thousand, that's damn cool.

Larry: You see, there's such a thing as playing blues, and there's such a thing as putting on a show. When I sit on, and when Muddy sit on, he set out to play blues, in other words to be heard and not to be seen.

Most of the bands I am seeing speed and technique as a cover-up for a feeling that isn't there.

Muddy: That's right, that's right... Larry: That's the blues, that's the blues, we just explained that to you!

Muddy: I don't need to use no cover-up. That piece of steel [the harmonica], that's my cover-up.

You should say that more. It's a beautiful sound.

Muddy: I use it little once in a while — more on my old records than on a new one — I come on and do my thing... that's what make Muddy Waters.

You think there's anyone playing in the same direction you're in?

Muddy: I don't know of no-one. To make a story short, it's a little bit from Wolfers. You got to be another Muddy Waters. Men, raised up in the cotton field on the plantation, then get up to be a young man, come up to New York or Chicago or Detroit. Somewhere, and go THAT direction. It won't be nobody. I heard a Muddy Waters record, I'm gonna go out there and do it like Muddy Waters.

Larry: Always. All the end of time, I believe it's gonna be hard for a cat to come from a million dollar family, and get a college education, and can afford fifteen hundred dollar worth of equipment and get up on a stage and sing "If I See You and I Love You" and you look behind him and there's a thousand dollar amplifier sitting there. It's gonna be hard, very hard.

Remember it's only people GOT the blues can see the blues, and really it's justice.

Muddy: You got people playing AT the blues, and when you get a GOOD blues player, you gonna hear him PLAY it. I have you on....

Charles (Shirley Murray)



Put a real Queen

Queen can do what they like now, can't they? I mean, there can't any discrimination against the poor things any more now. The 1987 Sexual Offences Act put an end to all that, didn't it? After all, if it's legal what does do they need?

Legality is hardly the main point. We've still left with almost but almost universal social repulsion. It's not just the schools and Air Canada. It's the suffocating "understanding" of the broad-minded liberal intelligentsia, and the dreaded "interest" taken by most heads. The aren't considered criminals, it's true, but we are considered "badly psychologically sick," which is hardly attractive. Homosexuality is still talked about as a "problem." The "alternative society" has adopted the same condemning, tolerant and intolerant attitude in the Queen's mansion before them. The average head in pain is concerned to impose this to keep up a nice "healthy heterosexual image" which is often, of course, a fraud. Most people, of both sexes, whether they know it or not, have had to repress feelings of attraction to another member of their own sex, or at least hide the meaning of such an attraction from themselves. And ready-made magazines are there to reassure them: "Don't worry, dream-boat of Liverpool, just because you've got a crush on another boy for God, on the one may be, but doesn't mean you're a homosexual."

Which doesn't exactly help matters for those with the courage and intelligence to realize that they are, at least in part, gay. It tends to alienate them from "normal" people for those who can't bring themselves to with an "admission," so that a counter-culture is set up, whose norms and self-image are as distorted as those of the official culture against which it is reacting. The gay counter-culture, centered on Berl Court and Chelsea, has all the delirious chauvinism that one associates with, say, black ghetto culture: its own language, its own style of the game, its membership for exclusivity (for many gay people the idea of heterosexual admittance is a grotesque "compare" admission are aware), mixed with a sort of deference for outsiders ("I'll happily make it with a gorgeous straight last night," many a fellow of many non-political friends to be assigned into white society). Lots of guys are busy representing the straight side of their relationship as unconditionally as any straight guy representing their gay side.

The repression, entailing loss of self-knowledge, is extremely dangerous, the more so because it is unconscious. Don't fool yourself that your sexual tastes and behavior are natural (as the society that



they accuse you of, biological nature), are more than that of your other tastes and interests are. When you talk with, just as much as what defines you most, what food you eat, what drugs you take, what language you speak, is socially conditioned. There's nothing necessarily evil about this fact. Given human nature, it couldn't be otherwise. But the question is whether the conditioning is for your good. If you hadn't been conditioned to speak one particular language, you'd be in one sort of a mess, or whether it's an instrument of control used by one group over another, which may have served a useful social function once, but is now clapped out and useless. And that, of course, is the case with our sexual conditioning. In prehistoric times, it was (perhaps a fairly good arrangement that the males being an average physically stronger than the female, went out hunting etc., while the women looked after the children and the home. The trouble was that in most societies this gave men the secondary one women. The pre-arranged with the education of the cross-sexual men and the also female women, for magnifying the differences is always a useful game for those on top to play them (compare South Africa over David). Men were both the warriors and the intellectuals—i.e. they had the instruments

of control in their hands. And they used them to dominate and exploit women. It is against this that Thomas's Lila is fighting. And we as gay lads are fighting a very similar battle.

The polarity between "gay" and "straight" is a product of the false exaggeration of the difference between the sexes. Men, as we're told, are biologically not different from women. Biologically we are not more masculine than women. Whether you have a penis or a cunt is, the official criterion of whether you're male or female) is not a reliable guide to the natural sexual orientation of your whole being. And the same evolved you as (the further you are from the simple words of an animal), the more true this is. We are very complicated creatures, which is very beautiful—and, ultimately, helps one to realize this. But most of us are still so hung-up on biological old stereotypes that we just don't see it. We accept as "natural" what enforces, pseudo-natural oppression doesn't tell us is natural, rather than accepting our true bodies. Our bodies alone are natural: they are part of the universal life-form. But we're frightened—we prefer to impose pre-conceived ideas on our bodies (ie. pretending that we're still as simple as nature is good), and if they don't conform to those ideas, then we panic. This is the worst thing a person can do if they discover homosexual feelings in

themselves—go to a psychiatrist. Psychotherapy, with a few horrendous exceptions, are our Master One Enemy, being taught by the best and finest and joined in one thing: leaving a shrink, avoiding contact with his blunt analytical instruments in the delicate inner recesses of your soul, trying to re-condition you, strip away your "self society" is something quite evil. The silent technique of all is "revelation therapy," whereby if you're there to be "cured" of homosexuality you are made to stand in a group electric shocks in the same time as being shown pictures of attractive people of your own sex.

This is the ultimate form of depression, a reaction, as usual, between a bit of subconscious desire and a lot of bungling stupidity. It's the BRAIN POLICE you've got to beat, my friends of freedom.

This is, of course, a struggle in which gay people are very far from being alone. Every person who cannot be made to fit into the stereotypes is a depressive society for as far as they are, is a potential revolutionary. Do not let the tension between stereotypes and reality be internalized; that may have serious problems. Get it out. The stereotypes would not exist. They are barriers between us, which stop us from truly relating. They are barriers against reality, which stop us

in the Palace

from truly serious and living. We must smash the barrier! And to the reader: tonight tonight, Guy Lib and Women's Lib play a particularly leading part. For the sexual barrier goes much, much deeper into the human soul than class or even race barriers.

We have reached a stage in evolution when it no longer merits any useful purpose for the sexes to be treated differently. Like the redundant human appendix, this once useful distinction must be allowed to die, and actually has been removed if it proves unnecessary. In type of employment, in pay, in status, in the decision of who one goes to bed with, the test of which sex one belongs to should no longer be relevant. Ask your DNA code, or Uncle Tom would say, Miss and women are growing together. And two impending political developments will assist this. Firstly, as we pass from the family unit to the commune, the idea of a male female hookup will melt into less and less use. Secondly, with a world wide, the need for large populations (in order to sustain large armies) will disappear—in fact, population control will be one of the biggest priorities, so that the old arguments about sex just being for reproduction (with consequent bullshit about homosexuality being "innate") won't look too convincing.

What is the role of the Gay Liberation Front?

Gay people are an oppressed people. We are denied to feel sick and jealous, we are called psychopaths and weirdos when we are not called criminals. We are so much told that anyone else is in this fucked-up society, and the last thing we want is pity or "help". We are also an exploited people. Explored, because heterosexuals are able to monopolize their heterosexual guilt feelings about their own latent bisexuality, and prevent us from doing. Queer-bashing is an enormous psychological relief—thereafter in the same way as going home was therapeutic, admitting to being, for the Germans, who are a supposed and are a particularly uncomfortable way of being exploited.

Now if it is a representation, division of people into groups and classes, that divides reality and creates false stereotyped images, then one of the main tasks of the liberation is to get people to see through these images, to tear down the socially-created barriers that divide us from each other, to make us see that, in reality, we are all one. For it is the short run, when one class is oppressing another, this creates more specific problems, of a political nature. That for workers, for blacks, for women and for gay people, all of whom

are being in a very real and immediate way oppressed, it is very difficult to see that "we are all one". So long as the oppression actually exists, the oppression must be fought against with all holds barred. This is why, for example, American Black Power movements are so liable to the left racism as epitomized in Governor Wallace's in the opposite direction. For one of the biggest parts of oppression is the oppressor's attempt to reduce and sustain an inferiority complex in us. In order to throw this off, oppressed people frequently find it necessary to flag the wrong side right back in the oppressor's face. We can only try to the oppressor "we are all one", when we have first re-discovered our self-respect which was stolen from us or stolen to bolster the false ego of the straight.

The first task of the Gay Liberation Front is to help all gay people to get back their self-respect. This is why our group has to be so specific and repeat one and we cannot let our demands put be a part of some more general revolutionary group's programme. We are gay, and we are proud of it. We want to love all gay people as we do the fact, not that "you're straight" or "you're perverted", but that GAY IS GOOD.

Broken Heart, member of
Gay Liberation Front



"Fucking faggots"—Rock group Manager
"A bunch of pussies"—Officer Fawcett
"Fucking queers"—Magnum, Daily Star
"I'm not one BUT"—Annie, Liverpool
underground press etc. all sources
"We don't encourage lesbians"—Women's Lib, spokeswoman
"We need psychopaths"—unofficial
homosexual

Gay retains the ability to lose someone of the same sex. This also involves eating and fucking and anything else you can think of. You get it right. We think sex is good and we want to have it as good as anyone else. We want life to be good for all people. So long as any people are oppressed, women, blacks, poor, young, old, no one is all oppressed. GAY it.

We are engaged in a revolutionary struggle for freedom and the liberation of people from the Man's chains—the chains of fear and desire and poverty and action and hatred and war. Gay people have been enslaved at the Privileges for a long time but only now are they involved in being gay "No revolution without sex". The quote at the head of the article are more real reactions to Guy Lib. Some of the persons here have changed their minds.

That's cool. We don't expect peace and love and brotherhood in a split second. If your head's fucked up, it takes time to get it together. Our heads are fucked up too, but we have the right to make demands of those who regard themselves as friends and revolutionaries. Whenever you oppress us, we will say that you are being wrong and stupid and revolutionary. Whenever you oppress us, you oppress yourself for we are a part of you. The difference is that today you love us in being gay and being proud. On December 13th of the Revolutionary war of you may have had the soldier and colon G.L.F. brought along. Originally, there were placed as part of a large demonstration but the way the meeting developed it seems better that a political demonstration would have been inappropriate. So we put off our thing. This was a political act in itself because there will never be a completely straight happening in the alternative culture again.

G.L.F. is the fastest growing radical group in England. Show your love for your gay brothers and sisters, those of you who are gay, COME OUT.

Robert



JOHN LENNON / PLASTIC ONO BAND



James H. Greenfield
 You're beautiful, and when
 you see a blind person
 smile... there you are
 smiling back, isn't it?

[illegible]

Will he ever get to the heart of the story... it was supposed to be an old... yep, me... a little re-dig at that. When Daniel, Manuella, with the assistance of Whiskey X was accused of making a baby with the beautiful Jean Yelving, star of *Jeans of Am*, and Point View Women... oh? Just sometimes?

When I walked into the hospital in Paris, there was Jean, crying and clattering to the nurse complaining of her baby's fevered forehead. The whole lot looked so sad. Finally she held me the baby, there it is! A little messenger boy had just landed here and now, it seemed that I was without the father of his child. I've got the paper, perhaps I'll write it and think of you who does not French can translate it for those of you who don't, but you are no sport the world will see as a little girl who likes to help lonely people.

What really shocked me was when I found out that I am not crying for me. The idea that the enemy would beat me with all of my friends in America. She knew that in the courts of Malawi X. I had a responsibility to my brothers and my sisters not to feel proud with white racism. I tried to find out about this paper ... and I said, it is the sort of "newspaper" that someone "SUPPORT YOUR LOCAL POLICE". The point of today are "enemies". Therefore people are starting to be known in the world" etc.

And there the wife, crying, alone and hurt,
Crying for a dead child that she would was ready to surrender....
maybe yes?

Wow, just this world forgot that Abraham Lincoln was a "bastard" Abolisher the Great was a "bastard" and Jesus the Son of Man Christ was questionable, but Jean Seberg had to be hung. Not on a cross this time, but 1970 style. — *Anonymous*

While I was walking around in London, I just happened to remember that another friend of mine, Vanessa Fungus had a baby by a man, other than her husband...but he was alright, yes, he was alright.

— Vanessa Fungus

I continue my feeling he seems to why the world would do in Joan taking when they were not yet doing in her and the new most truly ... then I was in some of your local papers that your government is trying to accept from affecting what they call "humanitarianism".

Many I know are white people from Britain who think about my parents.... they just don't live it. And I feel this is their right, but do you give them the right to ride a percentage of my money who still dominate "SOCIETY" and want the subway looking for black people to hear? Oh, I know I was told that they are just young kids who go to football games and drink. These people who were state born here.... but I read, recently, again in one of our newspapers, that they are heavily discriminated

Perhaps it sometimes tells them about true history. Tell them that the letters told us about in England, the letters about in America. It tells people brought in ... tell them, tell you, please? (Don't put all the sins of black people and their slaves on her being black?) Speaking of being black, utility sometimes my work, I use a picture in the same newspaper of a person that told me some things for over 100 million. And what in the text did I see? The face of a NAZIST. I've not that black, I recognize me of my own ... and you do, too.

I asked Q2 if they would do me a favour and repeat the famous



IT'S ALL
WHITE MA
I'M ONLY
BLEEDING

Four just as you may can have a coloring of a **sketch**. It won't cost you \$2.2 million, just the price of this magazine. Or maybe they would prefer to register a picture of a true black man, **RAMLOLLAN X**. If they grant his petition, at least you'd have a picture of a black man who knows his own a black man.

Yes, the guy who painted this brother of mine, told me last night. The Americans are who taught that painting. I don't know the name of the artist because I happen to dig pictures that come out of a Federal prison. He always who sell all the things for

Q4. Oh, I know they will kill a man, I suspect, but not one who is white. He is a successful citizen in America and on his own leg in Mississippi. Perhaps not Chinese either.

But they may also think: *Why are you here? You're a huge center in the world! With a black face! Don't make me laugh. Even the Americans who bought the face of the tiger, could stop even considering taking me home to do as I wish!* The money he saved for the return of the boat will have to be left at the altar.

But you good folks there in London don't have to worry.
Wendie Redgrave won't let you down, now, she will tell those
people out of jail, she'll even sing the anthems, now and then.

My left eye is even grimmer about the same in Vietnam. . . . But don't worry, you keep teasing her soul, she'll never sleep with one of us. She won't bring a black baby into your world . . . and I thank my god for it.

When we're not out to prove ourselves, we're out to prove our love for our child. That is really power, isn't it? I know where I was when the child was hospitalized and so does she and a lot more people, so she can't have to worry about that.

...and a lot of things. One, in my view I was holding a mirror, a woman with blonde hair and blue eyes, completely different from me. But I wished I could have been the father of her child. She is a woman I've passed to you in the world. I've been with the same

types of love that Jesus Christ speaks of, that Moses speaks of, that God himself speaks of

Perhaps the world feels that coast surfing suits them as a sign of life. But maybe the time has not yet come, just as for Marlene D, I prefer to leave you at the point you DO measure time, money, life, polluted seas, cars, diamonds, marijuana, hotel, discotheques, a rich man and an unknown Victor Segalen ... THAT'S ALL YOU DESERVE ... you made it, die in it.

Don't worry about Ann Baker's baby, it's never gotten you down... it does. That little baby girl never knew that it was born hard on day... just because she was black... if she was black, if you were to know about Ann's child, how the identity to tell Ann, or go in to your steps in December or January, or something to have another of me for it.

James said, she gave birth to hope, and hope died... you killed it.

And if the best kept, I wonder what would have happened to her in London when she realised she did have some black blood. Obviously with black blood, she would not live in a white community, which means that Winona could only give her back.

After all, it was *disrupting* Baker who said the hell with the world and its ardent passions, I knew children, the next set and unguessed fate of all nations, tomorrow? With all the red people tomorrow by Lakota, it was a great answer, *disrupting* Baker who

...the passage is for convenience the least children, it just takes children, even though the least and a little children, I think that Vernon says all of the right things, the right what is right but there what is wrong, all the children in her home are

I remember driving with Warren in his home and the two telling me the story of how he became Sir Michael, once had a brain attack. Everyone loved this little home doc, but one night an African dignitary was coming to the house to sit and talk with Sir Michael, and the good Sir had to postpone the visiting soon... (Michael's) wife said in his interview, "He said he and the day

Understandably, most English children worry about their sleep, especially if their alarm happens to be their parents. So they often retreat to bed at the age

I quote I haven't told you . . . the Michael Peterson's dog's name was . . . and I quote.

I love you, I love her brother Chris too. I admit that I love her
and love her family. How did I say that's right? Yes, but we are

1991 follows a June release and this

Malcolm X once said, "There's justice a mile for the colour of his skin . . . justice 100 miles for his religious faith . . ."

So tell us, go on with your telling of these to your alien masters among the King's Men, keep on telling portions of legends to stupid & naive art students, but remember none of us . . . don't forget to read.

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How do you tell your the fish of this story Just wanted to

But, to capture the details based almost solely on mobile Americans, the test is subject to a most horrible travesty of human life—the truth had to be witnessed not just by doctors, but by a crowd of people there for the sole purpose of seeing whether it came out black or white.

On 20 April 1998, all the students at the room watched the disaster

For her body's benefit she invited Indians (not many) African
Americans as guests and of course white people. Whether the
guests, performers or even the house were white, black or

Perhaps you play a piano of John Deere, Inman Bibles, will not be \$12.5 million. When and if you happen to be in a position to buy it, remember you'll be buying the piano of a rapper. . . .

... and down it, when we live, we live not as before on this crazy earth will taken its change. To me, the mystery of life is in a suffering word... then it is said... www.oxford.co.uk

...and in, to Jesus Christ and all of the saints people who are full from the same spirit as this, says I say to you . . . "May the power and blessings of Brother Martin X shine upon you, and give you peace . . ."

Hadley et al. / Capitalism 101



YOKO ONO / PLASTIC ONO BAND

words: cembrowicz pictures: rankin

knock-knock

who's there? ezra! ezra who? ezra doctor in the house?

Come in

seems like they are stealing my brains again, doctor.

hmmm

radar control of my intestines

nihilistic delusions persecution, hallucinations

feel like a cork in the ocean

petrification, implosion, ... affect impoverishment, ... transference engulfment

if i'm dead, i can't be killed...

encystment, disjunction projection introjection splitting denial, love as violence? truth versus social reality?..

BLIND MAN'S BUFF

What always bothered me about the story would eventually hit the film. The gentleman society was a journalistic catch-phrase that confused events had begun to believe in. One of the reasons why the Tories and their vulgar leader won by a landslide at the last election was that the intellectuals of England thought that the long-haired were getting away with murder. Wilson gave the vote to the eighteen-year-olds in a last-minute attempt to stem the tide of reaction. What he did not bargain for was the degree of reactionism among the eighteen-year-olds themselves.

The Underground was beginning to feel built [recently] as if it was tapering in a vacuum. Its gestures had become louder and more rhetorical, more deadly serious than before, so that more than one powerlifter passed out and then wondered whether he hadn't overdone somewhere and ended up nowhere. Our energy was all draining out into the void, meeting its obstruction where bouncing back. Repressive tolerance was killing us. The Underground Press cast about for new sources of energy, and decided to give despite all Alan Macnab's dire predictions.

But what was needed to foster new growth was a little judicious pruning. They need coincided with the demise of the Tories to score two new public relations victories, by "smashing the Union" and "evacuating the Underground". Government without the trade unions is impossible, as the Tories said long, so the whole figurehead is meant to display an intransigent, authoritarian attitude which the mass of the British population will welcome as the proper face of government. To win the allegiance of the masses of The Times of the World the government will flirt with anti-economic danger and find it worthwhile. The public relations value of appearing to let all the go-against-the-grain advance for the revolution to Britain (or even Patshurst) is enormous. All those better people who envy those who never fought a war at even

did national service will feel vindicated.
The rest of the operation is, therefore, tiny.

However, the enforcers of this policy are not as sophisticated as their masters. Driven on by the same kind of burning moral indignation that the governors are trying to suppress, Inspector Luff and his henchmen decided that as a really crushing punishment, Richard Neville was to go without his parents and his Christmas dinner, even if the slippery bastard was incapable to jail by legitimate means. So they had him tortured for the second time, while he was still as nervous for charges relating to their first bust, but in appearing to persecute the Underground so ruthlessly, they did in fact no more than to punish the people from the Underground who do not exist purely to frustrate glibly kids who look as if they just might not have any fixed abode as defined both as a matter of course. The Underground needs tanks might have been feeling isolated from their resistance because of their mounting absorption into the establishment. Hokey hokey. "At a stroke!" Inspector Luff summarised the Underground, by treating Richard as convicted and always very well defended. Richard Neville live on old leg.

By pushing OZ the ground is made more fertile for ink. By smooching upon what more naive moderate folk have always thought of as the evil 'Niggers', the police and their masters are feeding a poisonous lie in the general public. The backlash against permissiveness is about to provide its own backlash. Even the predilection press will be sympathetic to a case of public cowardice, which has involved confiscation of material prepared for the defence of the Schoolkids' OZ charges. Xmas day in the jail house is a great time for the "humanitarian" punsters. The Underground as such cannot be attacked because it cannot be isolated and identified. The attack must be made in the Underground Press, the only viable Underground Establishment - that is, its own circulations.

The really exciting thing about all this subsof for mourning is that this is an underground medium. It is doubtful whether the virgin prime machine and his tin-flashed satellite followers can handle it as well as we can, snuffakers that we are. At least they're dressed laughing in us, which means that we can go back to laughing at them. We don't have to throw ourselves into a frenzy of destruction any more; we can execute the picture of the establishment where we have been allowed to play and bring it all back home to the underground. We can be legal. We can converse. We can come closer together again in the space should we choose. There are more of us now but that's nothing compared to how many of us there'll be tomorrow. Endocran means plucking up by the roots but our roots are what they'll never get at, they're sunk down somewhere inside of every family in the British Isles. Whenever the virgin Prime Minister takes his solitary pleasure he poun and he need open the Underground. Gennsaw

let some air in

regression,

rotting

repression, extinction
alienation, incongruity
precipitation of non
being imprisonment
non gratification of
inner self
? reality as persecutor??
ontological insecurity???

INSANITY

???

keep taking the tablets

don't feel too good
myself these days !

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"MEMO FROM TURNER" PERFORMED BY MICK JAGGER

"GONE DEAD TRAIN" SUNG BY RANDY NEWMAN

STEREO



1984

